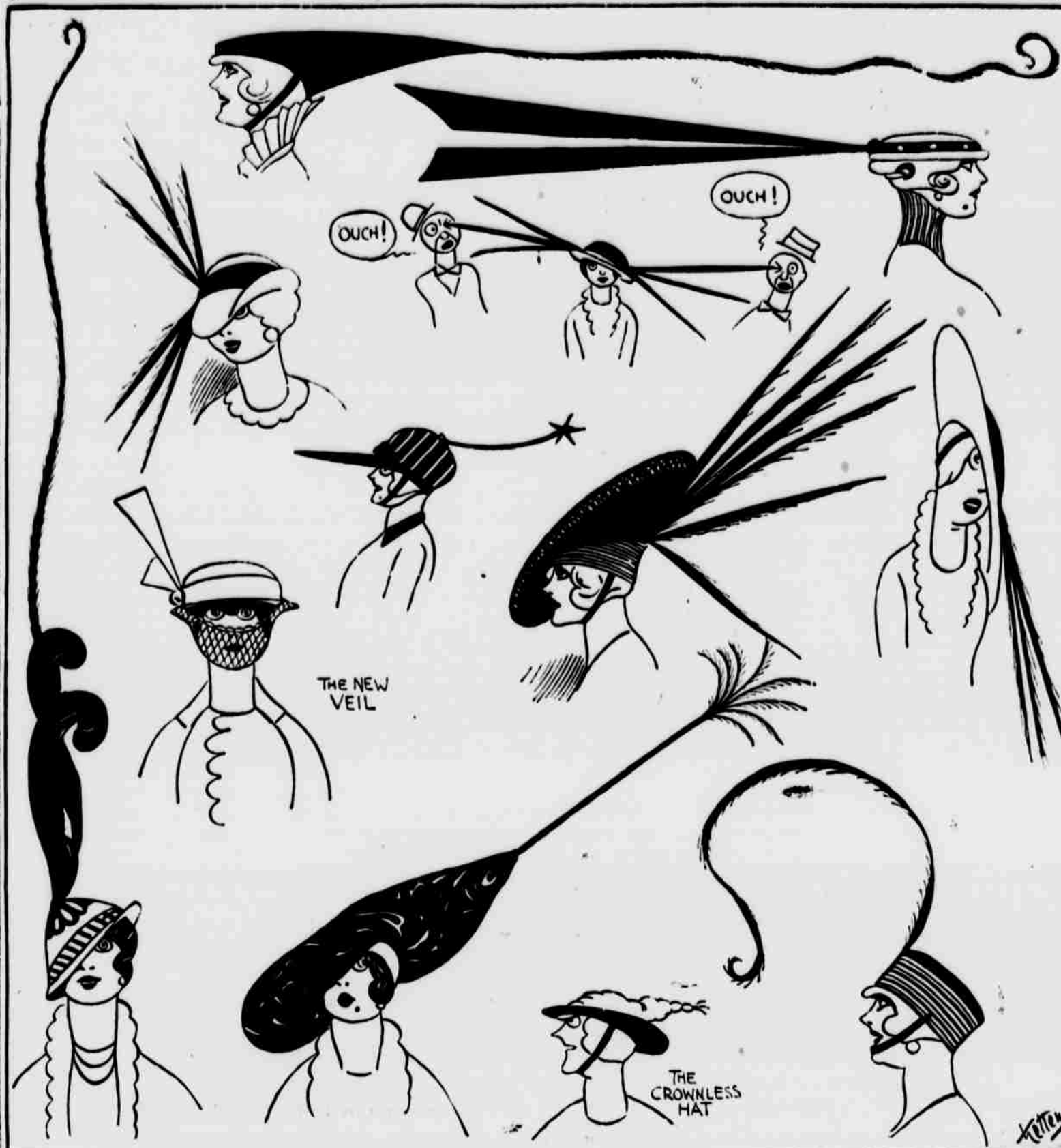


The Evening World.
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
 Published Daily Except Sunday, by The Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 61 Park Row, New York.
 RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
 J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
 JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
 Subscription Rates: For the United States and Possessions, in Advance, \$5.00 per Annum; For Foreign Countries, in Advance, \$7.50 per Annum.
 One Year, \$5.00; Six Months, \$3.00; Three Months, \$1.50; One Month, .50.
 VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,022

Just Hats!

By Maurice Ketten



THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

THE most promising sign of gumption the new management of the New Haven system has yet shown is the introduction of President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale into the directorate. President Hadley is the man of whom James J. Hill—who knows a thing or two about railroading himself—once said: "Leave him alone for a week with the books and statements of a railroad and at the end of the time he will have his finger on every sore spot in the system." High finance and low management have dragged this once prosperous road into the depths. The public is waiting to see what perspicacity and honesty can do toward rescuing it. If anybody can get the New Haven out of its financial floundering Arthur Twining Hadley is the man.

"Does the nagging wife drive the husband to drink, or does the drinking husband drive the wife to nag?"
 Answer: Yes. So don't start it.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

NINE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS in the bank after thirty years' work. Respectable savings even for a hard-working man with no one to look after but himself. It was no man, however, who put by these dollars. They were saved from an income of \$16 a week earned by a woman. Out of the \$16 she supported herself and her aunt and brought up her little girl. The mother who earned the \$16 did it by copying pictures in cheap water colors during the day and scrubbing floors at night. She turned over the money regularly to her aunt, who paid the rent and furnished food for the family. The aunt allowed the wage-earner twenty cents a day for carfare and lunch. A piece of beef carefully selected for Sunday dinner sufficed for the rest of the week. One dress lasted two years. The three lived in a comfortable flat in a good location. The rent was regularly paid. Every penny of the \$9,600 was saved by daily self-denial, patience and courage that these two women and the child might live together, live decently, and face sickness and the "rainy day." The aunt died. The mother broke down under the strain. Nine thousand six hundred dollars' worth of self-sacrifice was considerably too much. But how many men could have done it?

So far, "Seeing Concord" has been much the pleasantest stop-off in the tour of the Mattawan murderer.

REFORMING THE "FIRE BLOCKS."

FIREBUGS in New York in the space of a single year set 3,643 fires and destroyed \$3,000,000 worth of property, according to figures which Fire Commissioner Johnson is trying to impress upon the public. The American people, he declares, pay \$300,000,000 a year in fire insurance premiums which they need not pay if they will make up their minds to stamp out the crime of arson. There is one block in the heart of the "arson zone" in this city which, by a record of one hundred and one fires in three years, earned for itself the gruesome title of "the fire block." Three thousand one hundred dwellers in this block, half of them children, were constantly exposed to dreadful peril. One house close by was fired five times in three days. How Fire Commissioner Johnson delved and dug in this block and others like it until he had ferreted out the worst firebugs, one of whom confessed to having set three hundred fires, makes a striking story in The Sunday World Magazine for to-morrow. Since the Fire Department began to study fires with scientific precision, using detective methods to get at the causes, blocks with bad fire reputations have shown a great change. So far this year, for example, the most notorious block in the city for frequent and suspicious blazes has had exactly two fires.

The last rose of summer has but a scant three days to bloom.

Letters From the People

Lawrence.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Is there any paper printed where I can find out where a person won a lawsuit?
 I. M. V. K.

No.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I am a stenographer in a downtown law office and when the winter sets in my hands get very stiff, which causes me to make many mistakes while writing.
 Will some reader give me a remedy for this, as it causes me great annoyance.
 R. M.

Answer to "Nat."
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 The answer to "Nat's" conundrum of "What is that which never was, never is, but will be, but when it is, it is not," is as I find it to-morrow: W. F. A. T.

Mrs. Pankhurst.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Among other insane antics planned by Mrs. Pankhurst's followers recently was a plot to irretrievably damage the lights in various lighthouses on the English coast. Two important flashlights on the Channel were temporarily put out of commission before the plot was discovered. Had this diabolical plan succeeded and a finer full of American tourists been lost, would this have constituted moral turpitude?
 F. G. H.

Mourning.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Isn't it curious to go in mourning upon the death of your fiancée's mother when you have known them a number of years and been engaged several years?
 P. H.

No.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In the following argument A declares that the United States owns the Panama Canal, but B says that the United States only leases the canal for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine (999) years. Who is right?
 X. Y. Z.

A wins.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 For the benefit of B. I. L. and others who may desire to enter the People's Singing Classes, I would like to state that a class for the instruction of eight singing will be opened at Public School No. 66, on Eighth Street east of First Avenue, Sunday, Oct. 12, 1913, at 3 P. M. Any one interested in singing is welcome.
 For all information regarding the People's Singing Classes and the People's Choral Union address Secretary, P. O. Box 112, Madison Square Station, JOSEPHINE HARRISON.

Tarzan.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Will you kindly let me know where I can obtain the story, "Tarzan of the Apes," that ran in your evening edition?
 MRS. J. V. GILBERT.

It has been published in book form. It was printed in full in the All Story Magazine in October, 1912.

Answer to "Nat."
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In answer to "Nat's" as to "What is that which never was, never is, but will be, but when it is, it is not," I would not say "nothing," but "to-morrow."
 MASTER M. HUSSEY, Bayonne, N. J.

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

NOW that the Governor is on trial, remarked the head polisher, "his impeachment seems to take on something of a serious aspect."
 "There never was any doubt about the seriousness of the situation," said the laundry man, except in the minds of a number of gentlemen of scrambled judgment who have wished themselves on the Governor in an advisory capacity. It was apparent to all observers in Albany—except those who took it upon themselves to observe for the Governor—that impeachment was in the air when the Legislature met in special session last June.
 "Tammany's bluffing," the Governor's patch carriers told him. "They won't dare impeach you."
 "But the Assembly went right on and impeached him. The impeachment was specific, charging the Governor with perjury, grand larceny and other offenses. At once the Governor's War Board began to attack the impeachment and assure him he would never be brought to trial. They began, too, a campaign to make the Governor out a martyr and, having some basis of truth to work on, they succeeded in great measure. It is doubtless true that if Gov. Sulzer had worked hand in glove with the Legislature and Tammany Hall he would not have been impeached.
 "But it is also true that he wouldn't have been impeached if there hadn't been something to stand the impeachment on."
 "The voters calm."
 "Our new Direct Primary law doesn't seem to have aroused the populace to any extent," said the head polisher.
 "The events of last Tuesday," declared the laundry man, "go to show that the people are not crying for direct primary legislation—at least in this community. From the way the primary agitators have been yammering you'd think that the voters were on the verge of jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge en masse if they didn't get a chance to choose their own candidates for office."
 "In all its essential features the Primary law under which last Tuesday's election was held is the same Primary law that the direct legislation boosters have been advocating for the past five years. The theory is that if you give the voters a chance to express their preferences they will nominate the best men for the office. The fact is that the average voter in this town is too busy with his personal affairs to bother about nominating men for office. He is willing to delegate that task to his party organization and considers his duty done when he casts his vote."
 "Anyhow, why should the voter worry? The city of Greater New York has been threatened with destruction ever since 1896. At every election the community has trembled on the brink of passing into the hands of looters and disciples of destruction. But always some brave, bright soul has stepped forth to save it. This year it was Norman Hapgood. As long as the Hapgoods and their allies hold out the common citizen need concern himself only with the high cost of living and gasoline."
 "The Tent Show."
 "I see," said the head polisher, "that Secretary William J. Bryan saw the reporters who are writing about this Chautauqua tour would commit murder for a thousand dollars."
 "Without admitting the truth of Mr. Bryan's assertion," replied the laundry man, "I'll bet he couldn't get them to yodel for a million dollars."

Anecdotes of the Old-Time Actors

By Edw. Le Roy Rice.

(Author of "Monarchs of Minstrelsy, from Daddy Rice to Dale," etc.)

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Billy Manning.

THEY tell many stories relating to the ready wit of the late Billy Manning, but probably none better exemplified it than the following:
 Manning and Dan Bryant, each heading his own travelling company, met at a junction, and in the course of conversation it developed that each was to play the same town at an early future date and Bryant requested that Manning "announce" his (Bryant's) forthcoming appearance, which Billy promised he would do.
 A couple of weeks later the famous Ethiopian entertainers again met and Manning said that he had played the town already mentioned on the previous evening.
 "Did you 'announce' me?" said Bryant. "I was just going to," said Manning, "when the fellow got up and went out."

John T. Raymond.

SEVERAL years ago when the late John T. Raymond was portraying the character of that famed optimist, Col. Mulberry Sellers, he played a certain town in Texas.
 In the play there was a famous trial scene. The jury chosen was composed of supernumeraries from each of the cities in which they appeared. As the talesmen did not have to appear until the last act, they usually enjoyed the earlier part of the performance from choice seats in the auditorium.
 On this particular occasion, when the District Attorney was getting in some good hard licks on the defendant, Laura Hawkins, for the murder of Col. Shelby, and was denouncing the prisoner in scathing terms, one of the jurors, a typical yank, arose and, shaking his fist in the prosecutor's face and with much emotion, said: "Yes, she did shoot him, and it served him—well right. I was down in front seats and I seed it all!"
 The uproar that greeted this outburst killed the rest of the performance and John T. Raymond, who was a famous practical joker himself, enjoyed the situation fully as well as the audience.

Making Fun for Fechter.

THE great tragedian, Edwin Booth, had a keen sense of the ludicrous and frequently told of a performance in which the late Charles Fechter was appearing. In one scene Fechter had to hand over some money to the villain, which he did in a very deliberate manner, counting one, two, three, four, five, six and so on. The interest centered on Mr. Fechter having enough coin to satisfy the rapacious demands of Mr. Bad Man, and the audience was becoming restless and impatient to know if he (Fechter) could make the right change. Finally a young Irishman in the gallery, getting tired of the delay, called out, "Say, Mr. Fechter, why don't you give him a check?"

Didn't Book That Far Ahead.

THE recent announcement that the daughter of the late famous Jack Haverly, who is living in poverty in this city, is to have a rousing benefit recalls the testimonial tendered to his widow about a dozen years ago by Primrose & Dockstader's minstrels.
 James H. Decker was manager and took special charge of the affair and made it a success.
 Mrs. Haverly (since deceased), overcome with gratitude, was at a loss to show how she appreciated the work done in her behalf by the indefatigable manager. Finally and with much feeling she said: "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Decker, for your goodness, but if you don't get your reward in this world you surely will in heaven."
 And James H., taking only time to shift his cigar, replied: "I don't think we play there this season."

THE RIB

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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"LOVE," said the Mere Man sadly, as he threw down his golf sticks and flung himself full length on the grass at the Rib's feet. "I'm going out of fashion."
 "What have you been eating for luncheon?" inquired the Rib, with gentle concern, fanning herself with her hat and leaning back lazily against a tree.
 "Nothing," declared the Mere Man, indignantly. "I haven't had any luncheon. I spent the time trying to digest an article which declared that 'romantic love' is dying out."
 "Well," returned the Rib, cheerfully, "if it is, let us give it a good dose of chloroform and put it out of its misery quickly—and forever."
 "MISERY!" exclaimed the Mere Man, in astonishment.
 The Rib nodded serenely.
 "Romantic love," she explained, "has been the cause of three-quarters of the misery in this world ever since Adam and Eve first discovered it under the apple tree. 'Romantic love' is just a monster of vanity and selfishness, born of imagination, nurtured on curiosity and illusion—and covered with a sugar-coating of sentiment. It has no more to do with real love than the devil has to do with real religion."

Real Love Is No Dream.

"WHEN-E-W!" exclaimed the Mere Man, lifting his head and resting on his elbows, with his chin in his hands. "And I thought you were sweet and sentimental!"
 "I AM—er—sweet and sentimental," declared the Rib, smilingly. "That's why I'm sitting here trying to defend REAL love. But real love is no flimsy, midsummer dream. Real love needs no illusions to give it color and sweetness. It is not a whitened sepulchre, filled with suspicion, jealousy, egotism and deceit."
 "Who said it was?" demanded the Mere Man, hotly.
 "YOU do," retorted the Rib. "Everybody does. Everybody in the world seems to have confounded it with 'romantic love' and dalliance, and grand passions and things. Real love is not the thing that makes the world go 'round, but the thing that keeps it balanced and steady. It is what makes it possible for a woman to kiss a man when his face is covered with shaving lather, and—"
 "And for a man to look at a woman when she is wearing curl-papers and see nothing but a halo 'round her head," rejoined the Mere Man, smilingly.
 "Exactly," agreed the Rib. "It is the kind of love that is just as strong and beautiful in the cold, gray light of morning as in the moonlight. It is one with the sort of love you feel for a chum, or for your sister."
 "Or for your grandmother!" interpolated the Mere Man.
 "When a woman has to foster a man's 'love' with laces and perfumes and soft lights and flattery," went on the Rib, calmly, "she is fostering his IMAGINATION, not his love. And when a man has to sue for caresses with flowers and bonbons, and wines and music and pretty lies he is not suing for love; he is chasing a glamour."
 "The kind of game that must be trapped and baited," agreed the Mere Man, thoughtfully, "is pretty poor game after you've caught it."

Romantic Love Dying Out.

"AND the kind of love that has to be 'held' isn't worth the effort it takes to hold it," rejoined the Rib. "Love is like honesty or decency, or anything else fine. If it is there, it is there IN-SIDE the man or the woman; and if it isn't, you can't PUT it there. Of course, if a woman really wants to be loved she has got to be sweet—because every man loves sweets; but if she is fine and sweet and loyal she needn't fear that a freckle on her nose will destroy any real love that a man may feel for her, or that any golden-haired siren can lure him from her. Real love is not a thing that blossoms in a day. It is a thing, like friendship, that grows and grows out of a more intimate knowledge and understanding of one another."
 "A HABIT!" exclaimed the Mere Man, disgustedly.
 "A habit," acquiesced the Rib, "that, when it has got a firm hold on you, nothing can shake off, or cure or alter."
 The Mere Man shuddered.
 "But with so many 'imitations' and different brands of 'near-love' tempting us from the cradle to the grave," he protested, weakly, "how is a chap going to know the real article from the spurious? He can't say, 'Annabelle, put your hair up in curl-papers so that I can see whether it looks like a halo or—like horns' can he? He can't!"
 "Never mind!" broke in the Rib, soothingly. "Romantic love is dying out, and when it is quite dead there'll be nothing but real love left in the world. There'll be no grand passions, and eternal triangles, and flirtations, and sex problems, and hallucinations, and temptations, and erotic novels, and—"
 "THANK HEAVEN!" groaned the Mere Man, fervently.
 "Yes, thank heaven!" repeated the Rib. "It will be a comfort, won't it?"

"I mean—thank heaven! I'll be DEAD when that happens!" corrected the Mere Man, lighting a cigarette, with a shiver of relief.

The Day's Good Stories

A Large Order.
ONE of the gentlemen attending the inauguration of Florida as Governor told the story of Hon. Albert W. Gilchrist, the retiring incumbent of the gubernatorial office:
 Several years ago as Gov. Gilchrist was a member of the Florida Legislature and was trying to get a committee appointed for the carrying out of some pet measure. The Speaker of the House asked the "Member from Du Rore" just what kind of man he wanted on the committee.
 "One lawyer, one doctor and two men of common sense," was the reply that brought down the House.
 It did not detract from the general enjoyment that the humor of the reply was unappreciated.
 Judge.

Taking the Safe Side.
ATALL, gaunt looking man entered a hotel in Wilmington not long ago and applied for a room. The price he was willing to pay entailed him to lodging on the top floor of the house. Among his belongings the proprietor noticed a coil of rope. Upon being asked what the rope was for, the man replied:
 "That's a fire escape. I always carry it with me, and in case of fire I let myself down from the window."
 "Yes," replied the landlord, stroking his chin reflectively, "seems like a pretty good idea; but guess with the escape you in advance at old hotel,"—Keweenaw's Magazine.

The Individual Clock.
AGENTLEMAN in a club in Grand Rapids, Mich., has formed the hopeless and harmful habit of taking too much to drink—absolutely soaking—before he went home every evening.
 "How does he know what time to go home?" asked a stranger in the club one night.
 "It's this way," explained a member. "He goes to the head of that long flight of stairs leading to the street. If he falls down there he knows it's time to go home."—Popular Magazine.

Her Road to Heaven.
ONE day, shortly after George M. Cohan began a recent engagement in Chicago, and before the attacks of the theatre that bore his name there had become used to seeing him at close range, the famous author-actor encountered an old colored woman industriously scrubbing the marble floor of the foyer, chasing the while a doleful dog-like air.
 "Auntie," commented the comedian, "that's a wonderful time you're spending."
 "Yes, sir," she answered. "I know it's awful, but by singin' dat chus an' muddin' me out bust—"
 Judge.

Not Favoring the Florists.
STRANGER, out West, if that man you just lynched had been brought to trial, he would certainly have found guilty and hung, anyhow, wouldn't he?
 Native—Yes, s'ee.
 Stranger—Then, why didn't you let the law take its course?
 Native—Wah, you see, there's two or three waddies' come off soon, and we didn't want to waste the price of cut flowers,—Yonkers Statesman.

The Shirt Marks.
THE family laundry had just been returned and the usual struggle to identify their respective belongings was on. "That is my shirt," insisted the older brother, who worked in a printing establishment. "I can tell by that ink spot."
 "Folks!" exclaimed the younger brother, who worked in a lumber yard. "I know, in order to be mine, it would have to have silver in it."—Judge.